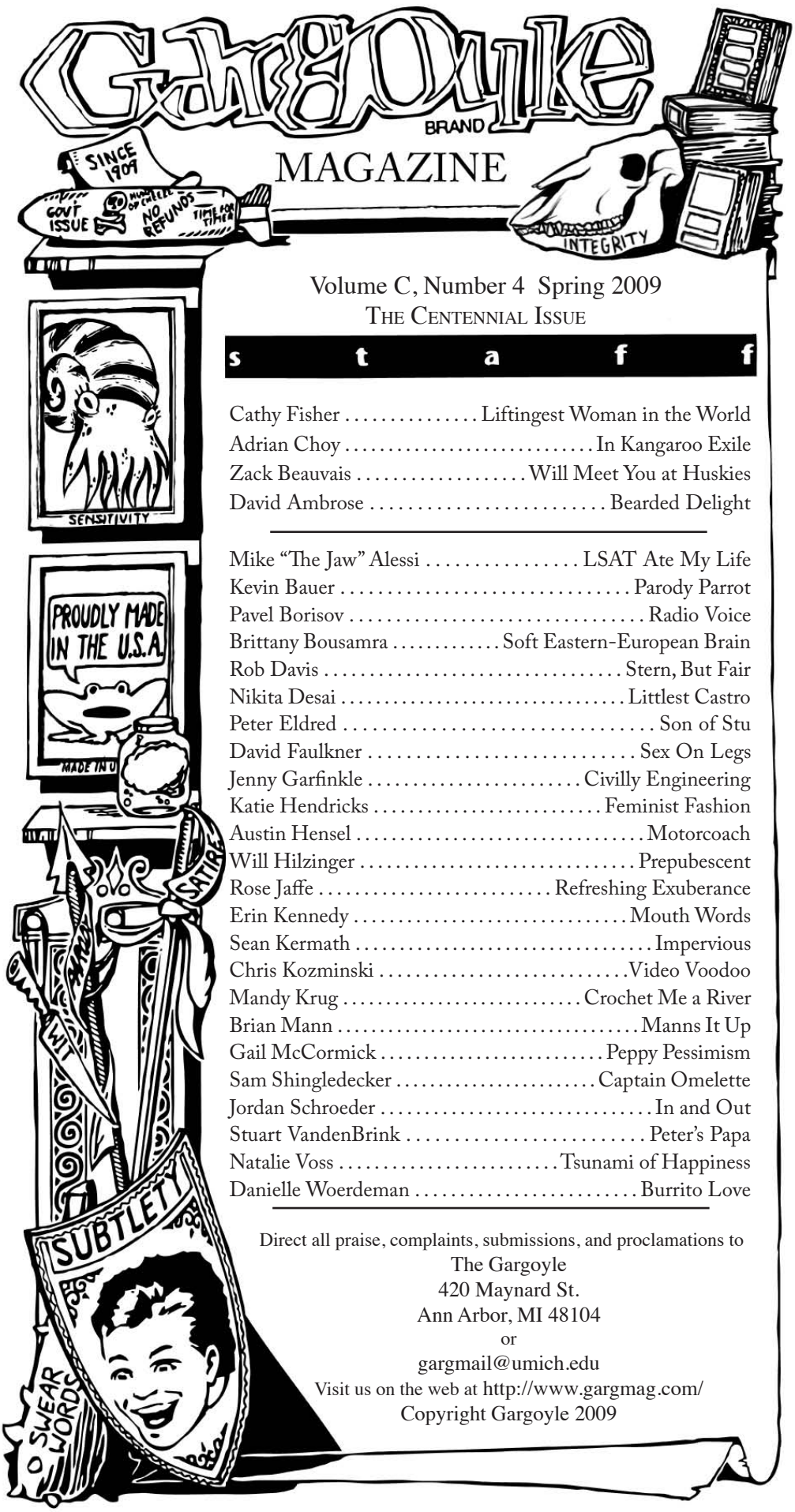
GARGOYLE
COMPETITION
IN THIS ISSUE
GARGOYLE THE MOVIE
NOT EVEN DEATH COULD
WINTER 2006
ORIENTATION
IDAHO
GARGOYLE
HEROES
FEDORAS
LIFE ADJUSTMENT ISSUE
DECEMBER 1982
COLLEGE HUMOR
HELP.
Decadence
FEAR.
GARG
GARGOYLE
The Grow More Hair Issue
75 ANNIVERSARY ISSUE!
Gargoyle
MARCH
THE CUT-UP ISSUE
15¢
December 2000
One Dollar
Fortified With



Volume C, Number 4 Spring 2009
The Centennial Issue

staff

Cathy Fisher ..... Liftingest Woman in the World
Adrian Choy ..... In Kangaroo Exile
Zack Beauvais ..... Will Meet You at Huskies
David Ambrose ..... Bearded Delight

Mike "The Jaw" Alessi ..... LSAT Ate My Life
Kevin Bauer ..... Parody Parrot
Pavel Borisov ..... Radio Voice
Brittany Bousamra ..... Soft Eastern-European Brain
Rob Davis ..... Stern, But Fair
Nikita Desai ..... Littlest Castro
Peter Eldred ..... Son of Stu
David Faulkner ..... Sex On Legs
Jenny Garfinkle ..... Civilly Engineering
Katie Hendricks ..... Feminist Fashion
Austin Hensel ..... Motorcoach
Will Hilzinger ..... Prepubescent
Rose Jaffe ..... Refreshing Exuberance
Erin Kennedy ..... Mouth Words
Sean Kermath ..... Impervious
Chris Kozminski ..... Video Voodoo
Mandy Krug ..... Crochet Me a River
Brian Mann ..... Manns It Up
Gail McCormick ..... Peppy Pessimism
Sam Shingledecker ..... Captain Omelette
Jordan Schroeder ..... In and Out
Stuart VandenBrink ..... Peter's Papa
Natalie Voss ..... Tsunami of Happiness
Danielle Woerdeman ..... Burrito Love

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Visit us on the web at http://www.gargmag.com/
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HAPPY BIRTHDAY, STUD!
OH, THE IRONY!

Philosophy

The Case for the Gargoyle

By Cathy

"We herewith offer to appreciators of good literature the first number of a literary magazine. We have tried to make it fresh, springy, vital. If our readers do not justly estimate the result, if they think we have fallen many degrees below our aim, we shall regret their lack of judgment, —but continue to believe in the magazine and ourselves just the same."

- Lee A. White, Editor-in-Chief, *Gargoyle Vol. 1, No. 1*

When Lee A. White founded the Gargoyle in 1909, it was intended to be a way for artistically-minded students to have their writing published—the jokes were just to get people to buy the magazine. Today, the jokes have risen to greater prominence, but the magazine's spirit remains the same. The Garg is a place for passionate, enthusiastically creative people to get published: working on a real live magazine with training wheels, as it were.

In this capacity, the Gargoyle and campus humor publications everywhere (including our worthy adversary, The Every Three Weekly) serve an important purpose. They train future comedians, writers, and cartoonists for their careers, something the university doesn't do. Well, at least not until they start offering a pre-humor degree. College humor magazines have refined the talents of some of the greatest entertainers of the past century.

Unfortunately, college humor institutions are rapidly disappearing across the country in the face of plummeting ad sales and lack of demand due to the increasing availability of youth-oriented humor on the internet.

Now, I'm not saying that there's anything wrong with the web and its extraordinary ability to produce viral humor. I like the internet as much as the next person, probably even more. But just as our generation is compelled to buy locally-grown, morally responsible food, we should be encouraged to consume locally-created humor and media. It's not just about loyalty to your geographic (or in our case, scholastic) identity, it's also about increasing competition and diversity in the media business as a whole by allowing, say, Midwestern or Southern or Northwestern viewpoints and opinions to circulate along with the more prevalent New York/Los Angeles media monopoly.

The Garg has gone through a lot over the past hundred years. It popped in and out of existence a few times, went off campus, came back on campus, etc. But this is old news, right?

In this issue, you'll find a lot of nostalgia about the Gargoyle's (in)glorious past, but I think we should consider its future. In its second century, what does the Gargoyle need to become in order to stay relevant, interesting, and important? What does the University of Michigan community want to see from us? (I mean dear God, people, what the fuck do you want us to *do*?) We've been making the first hesitant movements towards audio and video content, which you can find on our website at www.gargmag.com (please visit our website!) and are increasingly putting an effort toward producing web-exclusive content.

Yes, we're moving forward, but we need your help. If you enjoy the Garg, go online and tell us what you think of our digital efforts. Complain about what you don't like and complain about how we don't do the things you like often enough. One of the greatest strengths of the digital age in which we now live is that the consumer is now the boss. The more you tell us what you like, the more we can give it to you.

The Gargoyle can keep going for another century, but not without your help.

Thank you for taking the time to read this excessively long and serious Philosophy and thank you for helping us make it this far.

(You assholes.)

Mail

Direct all hate mail and suspicious parcels to
The Gargoyle
420 Maynard St.
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gargmail@umich.edu
Visit us on the Interwebnet at:
http://www.gargmag.com/

Dear Gargoyle,

I was going to write my letter on the Commie Kermit page, but found to my amazement that it had already been removed so I could write a note-to-self on it. That note-to-self was to skip work, stay at home, order cheap pizza and write a letter to Gargoyle. I still didn't get my pizza. FUCK. Damn you, Gargoyle! Why must you distract me from pizza! In all its cheesy glori-ousness! Ahh! That's not a word! Holy shit! A bear! I'm going to die without pizza! Ahhhhh!

-Amanda

Dear Amanda,

You're right, pizza sure is delicious! You should watch out for those bears, though. They also love pizza and will not hesitate to kill you.

Love,
The Garg

[The following letter was written on a "Novelty Postcard" from Prince Edward Island depicting three potatoes crossing a road.]

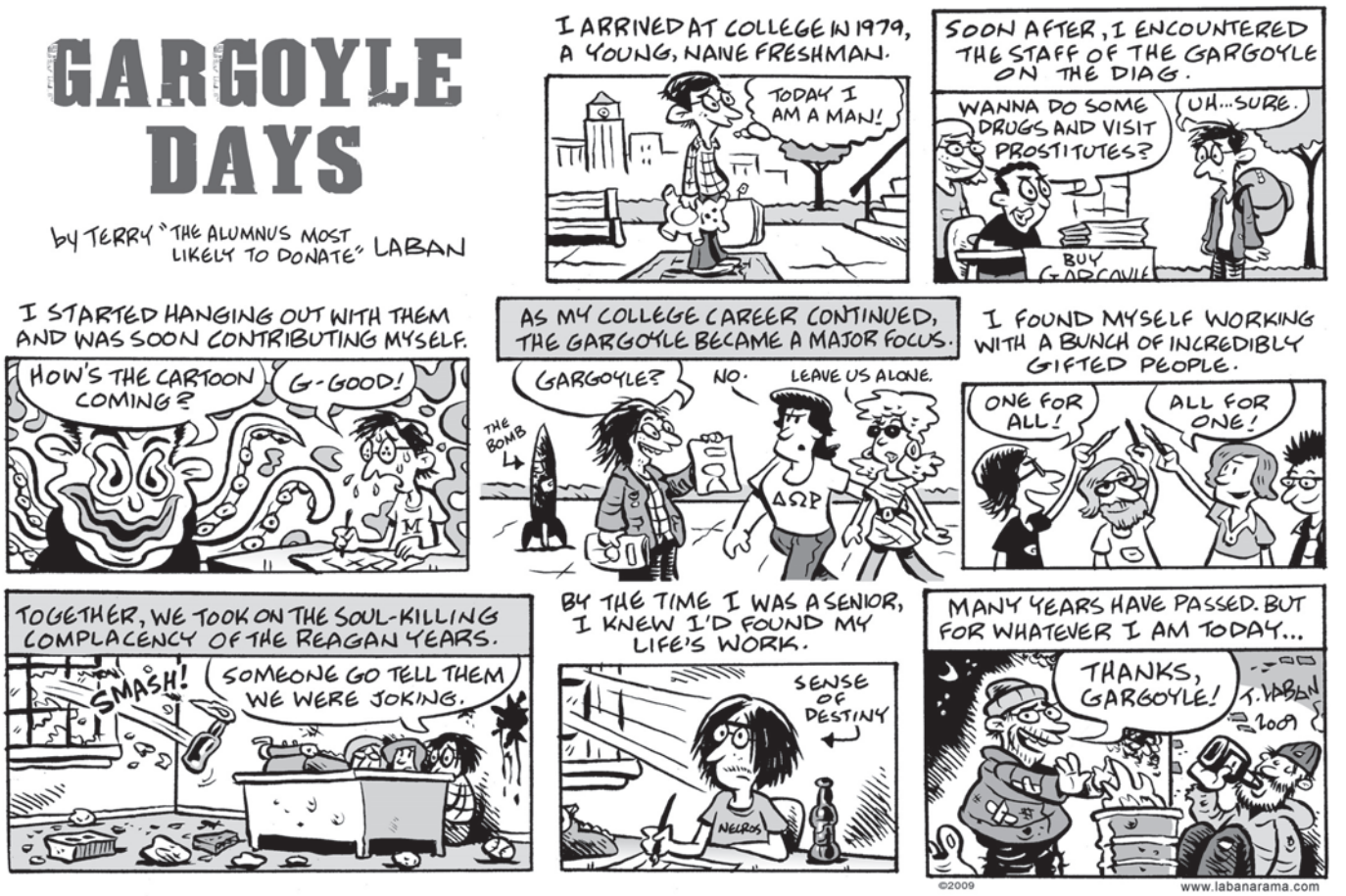
Gargoyle "Humor" Magazine —

Is this the table where The Man was killed? Didja let 'em bring 'im back to life w/ lightning just fo' kicks?

-Anonymous

P. S. Eartha Kitt wuz here.

In last issue's Mail page, we confessed to having lost a comic entitled "Exact Change Lass" sent in by an anonymous reader in East Quad. Well, apparently Exact Change Lass didn't like that too much, because she sent us this as a follow-up.


GARGOYLE DAYS
by TERRY "THE ALUMNUS MOST LIKELY TO DONATE" LABAN
I ARRIVED AT COLLEGE IN 1979, A YOUNG, NAIVE FRESHMAN.
TODAY I AM A MAN!
SOON AFTER, I ENCOUNTERED THE STAFF OF THE GARGOYLE ON THE DIAG.
WANNA DO SOME DRUGS AND VISIT PROSTITUTES?
UH...SURE.
BUY GARGOYLE
I STARTED HANGING OUT WITH THEM AND WAS SOON CONTRIBUTING MYSELF.
HOW'S THE CARTOON COMING?
G-GOOD!
AS MY COLLEGE CAREER CONTINUED, THE GARGOYLE BECAME A MAJOR FOCUS.
GARGOYLE?
NO.
LEAVE US ALONE.
THE BOMB
I FOUND MYSELF WORKING WITH A BUNCH OF INCREDIBLY GIFTED PEOPLE.
ONE FOR ALL!
ALL FOR ONE!
TOGETHER, WE TOOK ON THE SOUL-KILLING COMPLACENCY OF THE REAGAN YEARS.
SMASH!
SOMEONE GO TELL THEM WE WERE JOKING.
BY THE TIME I WAS A SENIOR, I KNEW I'D FOUND MY LIFE'S WORK.
SENSE OF DESTINY
MANY YEARS HAVE PASSED. BUT FOR WHATEVER I AM TODAY...
THANKS, GARGOYLE!
T. LABAN 2009
©2009
www.labanarama.com

And So, To Rise Higher, We Cast Off Dead Weight

Jenny "Jgarfink" Garfinkle

"My first day on staff, the very first words said to me by my editor were 'Who the hell are you?'

"I can't believe I stayed.

"I was deceived into being the Business Manager for the Gargoyle. I was told it would entail writing one email a month and getting paid for it. It turned out to be a lot more work than that. I have to say, though, that I don't regret any of it. Getting yelled at by the Board for losing too much money, writing apologies to people who take us too seriously, or those days where I just didn't feel like doing anything—those are the times that I'll never forget. The friends I've made through this magazine are the kind of people you hope you never lose touch with. They're the kind of people you bake things for, week after week. When you ask 'How are you?' they're the people who make you genuinely care about the answer. They're fantastic. They're unforgettable.

"They're the kind of people you make a Twitter account for."

THE JOURNAL OF AQUATIC PSYCHOLOGICAL DISORDERS: COMMON DISORDERS

BRIAN MANN

AQUATIC GENDER DISPHORIA

In most cases the condition arises the first time the subject nears water, and rarely develops later in life. Upon being immersed, the subject loses the ability to associate him or herself with a gender, and may even forget which sexual organs he or she possesses.

Usually, the only danger is embarrassment, when the subject is so flustered that they must check visually in public whether they are male or female.

HYDROPHILIA

Upon puberty, people with this disorder feel a strong sexual attraction towards water instead of the opposite gender. Unfortunately, not many with this disorder live past adolescence, since attempting to copulate with bodies of water often leads to accidental drowning.

Two notable exceptions are Aquaman and Kevin Costner, who had gills when they developed the syndrome and thus could consummate their aquatic fantasies without risk of death.

CETACEAPHILIA

Cetaceaphilia is a disorder which causes a person to desire large marine mammals, specifically whales, dolphins, and porpoises. It seems more prevalent in women, and generally develops in the late to early twenties. While the reasons for this gender bias are unknown, many scientists believe it to be related to the massive size of male whale genitalia.

AQUA MALIVOLENTIA

This disorder entails an intense hatred of water, which is inexplicable and can develop at any point. See Hellespontiae Malivolentia.

HELLESPONTIAE MALIVOLENTIA

A special case of Aqua Malivolentia, in which the subject hates only the Hellespont. Historians cite Xerxes' flogging of the waterway as evidence that he has the disorder. It is believed many others experienced this disorder as well, but were wiped off the face of the earth by an angry Neptune.

AQUATICALLY-INDUCED MAN/BOY LOVE SYNDROME

This affects only males and manifests in middle age. Upon entry into a body of water, a male with this syndrome feels an intense desire for the companionship of a young boy. There have been several arrests made where the offender claims to have had this syndrome.

The North American Man/Boy Love Association (NAMBLA) has made legal moves to remove this syndrome from the list of disorders, claiming it to be completely natural and normal.

SUPERHYDROMASTURBATORY DISORDER

Upon immersion in water, the subject feels an intense, often overpowering desire to masturbate. And sometimes they do it. In public pools. How fucked up is that?

ALTA-AQUA SYNDROME

One believes that he or she can walk on water or other liquids. In reality though, the subject is swimming. Several recent deaths have occurred due to this delusion. Most involved shark-filled water, copious amounts of alcohol, and large bets.

The disorder seems to be contagious, with observers also believing that they can walk on water.

Sixty-Six Things You (Will Have Wished You) Didn't Know About the Gargoyle

1. The founder of the Gargoyle, Lee White, also founded the La Choy Chinese food company. That's right—we're responsible for those crunchy little noodles.
2. We uncovered the secret to grading blue books: the darker the blue, the higher the grade.
3. Ziv and Lichty ran the show in the 20s. That's when the Gargoyle invented women.
4. The Garg was shut down twice and emerged stronger, better, faster.

5. Did you ever see *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, *The Empire Strikes Back*, or *Body Heat*? Those were all written by Garg alum Lawrence Kasdan.

6. At our peak, we printed issues 9 times a year and sold them to the general public.
7. Arthur Miller wrote two pieces back in the late 30s. He then went on to write such abominations as *The Crucible* and *Death of a Salesman*. He also wrote for the Daily. We blame the plays on that.

8. Back in the day, even faculty loved us. Dean Alice Lloyd had a cover framed for her office.

9. Camel Cigarettes used to be a big advertiser. Also that one motorcycle place.
10. We can always use another spoon in the Gargoyle office.
11. The boys on staff cartwheel while peeing. It's a thing.
12. The gorilla we have at Festifall lives in a cage the rest of the year.
13. In 1935, we were selected as the "outstanding college comic in the country." Suck it, Lampoon!
14. The Garg loves to create board games. You may remember Time of the Month Month: The Board Game from a few years back. In 1937, we also published the "Michigarg," which came with dice.
15. We've been mentioned in many other publications, some of which were reputable before they mentioned us. *The Chicago Tribune* mentioned us last year, then went bankrupt. Coincidence?
16. "The Japanese national hobby – collecting China." (March 1938)
17. Collectively, the Garg staff does not smell particularly good.
18. The Smooth Gargoyle issue made the Board decide we'd gone too far and shut us down. We learned our lesson, though, and now we are chunky.
19. "Definition of a college student: one who can't count to 70 without laughing." (1950s)
20. Charles Schulz drew a picture of the *Peanuts* gang talking about the Gargoyle for the 1962 Garg revival. We still don't know why.

21. In 1922, *Life* magazine wrote that Gargoyle had the most attractive female staff of any college publication in the country.

22. In the 1930s, the editor-in-chief had

weekly meetings with the president of the university.
23. Alum Max Hodge once almost went searching for buxom Britons with Winston Churchill.
24. Garg staffers own and watch *Gargoyles*, the animated series.
25. Gargoyle is in no way associated with infamous University of Michigan secret society, The Sons of Ra.
26. Gargoyle founder Lee A. White also founded the city of Birmingham, MI.
27. A comic based on the back of the Mastermind box ran periodically in the magazine for over a decade. See page 29.

28. A recent alum is the last Zoroastrian prince.

29. Gargoyle is very proud of its record of participation in drug prevention and awareness efforts at local area high schools, and none of its staff members have ever done any illicit drugs. Ever.
30. According to *The Chicago Tribune*, Gargoyle Magazine ended Chuck Norris jokes.
31. We were once kicked off campus for publishing a picture of a naked woman hanging out of a window of the president's house.
32. Last year we received complaints about our content from the United Asian American Organization and a grad student. This year we have only received praise. We must be doing something wrong.
33. A recent Garg editor once laid on the Diag, wrapped in yarn, for a period of days.

34. The Fleetwood Diner, The Pretzel Bell (ca. 1950), Huskies' Bar, and the Greasy Palms Social Club are among Gargoyle's all-time favorite haunts.

35. There are two World War II-era bombs in the Gargoyle office. One of them is autographed by They Might Be Giants and Wes Anderson.
36. Since its inception, Gargoyle has devolved into a humor magazine. It started as a literary and fashion magazine with a jokes page.
37. As a child, a certain Garg alum decided when he grew up he wanted to ride his tricycle all day, and travel from Kalamazoo to Timbuktu. A few years ago, he built his own adult sized tricycle and made the trip.

38. Steve Jobs stole the idea for the iPod from us.

39. Bill Gates stole the idea for Vista from us as well. That kind of makes up for the iPod.
40. A Garg alum (and uncle of a current staffer) allegedly invented Snap, Crackle, Pop, and Lucky the Leprechaun. His father also helped to invent the fork lift.
41. We once gave a hand job to Dr. Seuss. Not proud of it, but it happened.
42. It is a widely held, but erroneous, belief that a Garg alum created Mr. Freeze.
43. There is an upside-down American flag hanging in our office.
44. We really love the *Every Three Weekly* and its fresh, original style of humor. We collect every issue to offer encouragement and to make them think they have a readership.
45. Every year, the men of Gargoyle go without shaving during the month of January. It is called Beard Month, and the heartier souls shave their beards into mustaches for Groundhog Day.

46. Garg staffers once hid a large amount of porn in the *Michiganensian*'s office. After 5 years, two moves, and a building renovation, they are still finding it.

47. While on the topic of the *Michiganensian*, they once won our lounge chair in a game of beer pong. They probably cheated.
48. A few years ago, we were disqualified from an NPR menorah-building competition. We made a damn fine menorah.
49. Every member of the current Garg staff has at least one doppelganger on campus. These include: Italian Sam Shingledecker, Lame Dave, Awkward Zack, and Similar Stu.
50. A current Gargoyle staff member holds the world speed record for the dentist office bead game. She completed it in 4.13 seconds. She can also rip an apple apart with her bare hands.
51. There is a Gargoyle Magazine based in Washington D.C. that we do not recognize as existing.
52. Gargoyle is a form of all-natural male enhancement and functions as soap. It also comes in an anal supplement.
53. Gargoyle's favorite song is "I'll Be There for You (Friends Theme)" by the Rembrandts. We loved that show, and identify with Joey.
54. You ever tried smoking the magazine? We have.

55. Issues of Gargoyle Magazine were offered as evidence in O. J. Simpson's three trials, the McCarthy hearings, and Nuremburg.

56. We have a big following in the Chicago gay community. It has never been confirmed, but we are pretty sure that's where most of our magazines end up.
57. JTT is our favorite celebrity personality, still.
58. Among the other myriad items in the Garg office are a cardboard cutout of a goalie, several painted mannequin heads, and a scarecrow we use to intimidate freshmen.
59. A complete collection of Gargoyle trading cards is worth millions.
60. A complete collection of Gargoyle magazines is worth about 45 dollars. The Bentley Museum has the only known complete collection, though we are pretty sure that most members of the Chicago gay community own them too.
61. According to the most recent estimate, we have saved at least 14 words from extinction. "Gargoyle," for example.
62. Gargoyle's record collection includes Herb Alpert, Tina Turner, Shelley Berman, Englebert Humperdink, and Kansas.
63. Gargoyle knows the ending of LOST. Buy ads to find out.
64. The Gargoyle has not utilized the missionary position since 1922. Sadly, that is not out of creativity.
65. Water-boarding was invented as a humane alternative to reading Gargoyle.

66. If you arrange all of the Gargoyle covers in chronological order, they create a pictorial depiction of the life and death of Jesus Christ. It happened completely by accident.

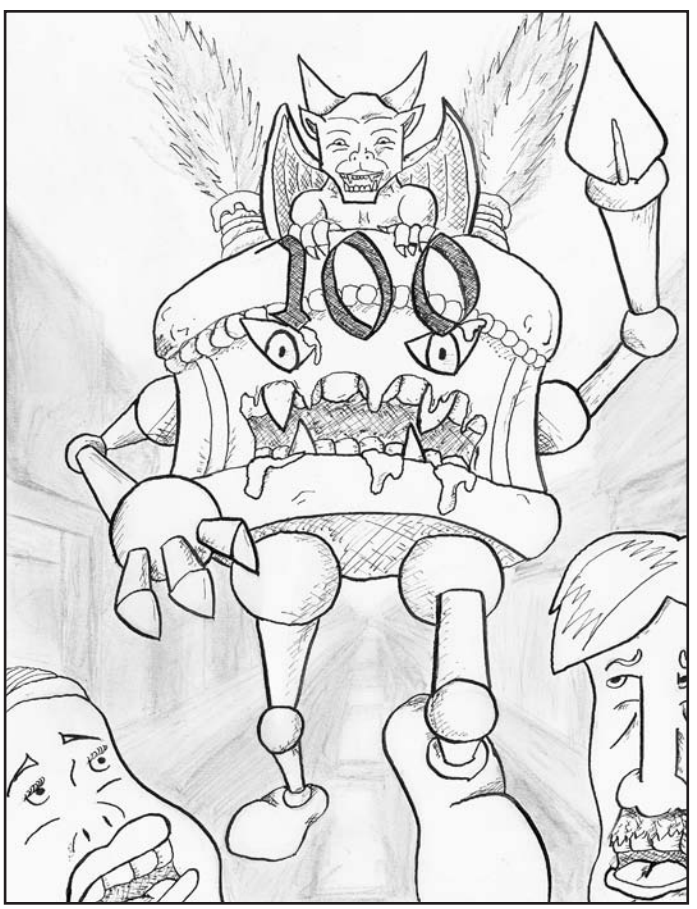
COME SWING DANCE
EVERY WEDNESDAY NIGHT
AT THE MICHIGAN UNION

No partner?
No experience?
No problem!

7:30-8:30 Intermediate Lesson
8:30-9:30 Beginner Lesson
9:30-11:30 Open Dancing

SWING ANN ARBOR

For more information, visit:
www.swingannarbor.org
and join the Swing Ann Arbor Facebook Group

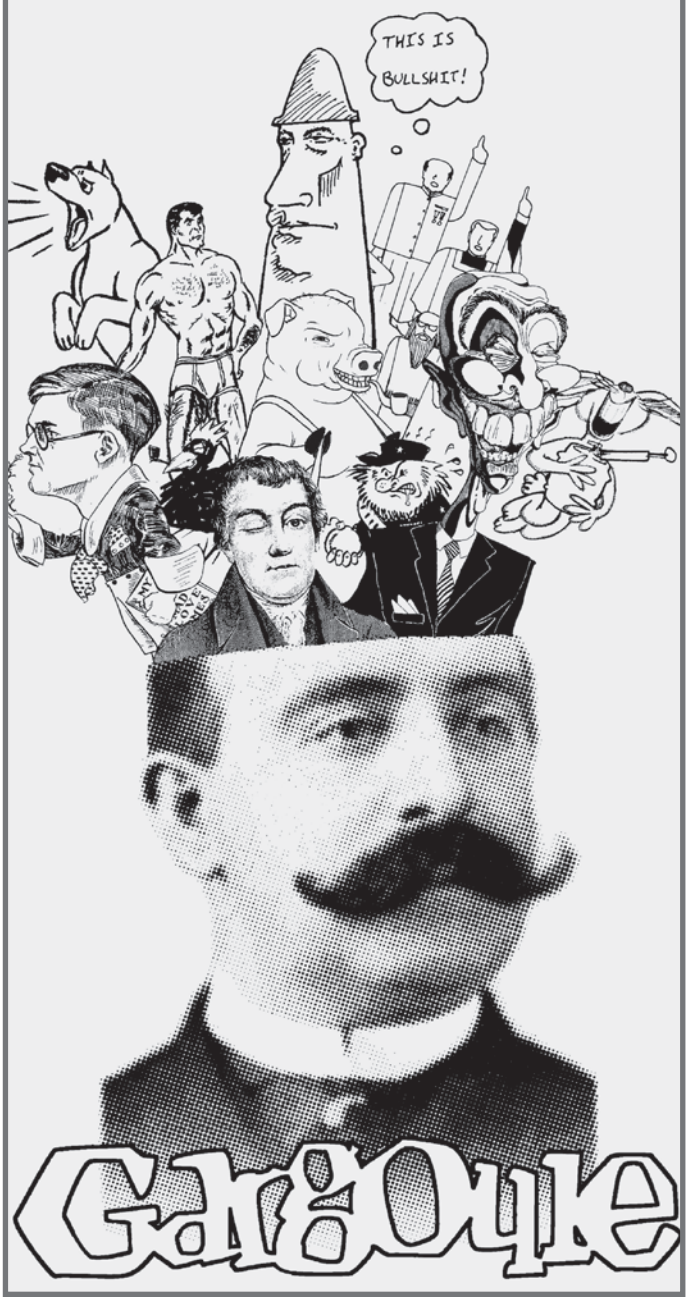


So, are you enjoying this issue so far? If you are, you might be interested to know that you can purchase a Garg

Subscription!
Sticker!
or T-shirt!

on our website at http://www.gargmag.com/

You'll also find all kinds of web-exclusive Garg insanity, podcasts, videos, and blogging (yes, even we sold out to the internet).



Hoboes vs. Crows

By Natalie Voss

It was a chill April night in Ann Arbor. The sun had just set. The hoboes were preparing for the night's onslaught. Slowly they came, each sneaking into the abandoned building and joining the others: Braman Tucker, Mumbles Bill, Smalltooth Jones, Mr. Peebles, Ventriloquism Jimmy, Sneakercrunch Tim, Bo Rickety, The Whistler, and Jerry.

Their uniforms were passed around and without embarrassment they changed. Soon it was time—time to teach those filthy crows a lesson.

With belts strapped on tight, flares in a pouch, guns holstered, they left in single-file to confront the darkness.

"I wonder where they'll land tonight," Bo Rickety said aloud, to no one in particular.

But Mr. Peebles answered, "Doesn't matter, son, we'll get 'em. We'll get 'em."

A few minutes passed. Suddenly the bums heard shouting. One of their scouts had returned. It was Jerry. He was breathing heavily. "The crows—they're near—Martha Cook."

"Vagrants, let's move out!" yelled out Smalltooth Jones.

They arrived at Martha Cook in ten minutes. Already the trees were black with the birds' presence. They air was filled with their cawing. The ground was turning white with their shit.

"We're getting into this fray a little late, but we still have time to mete out justice," snarled Ventriloquism Jimmy.

By some unspoken command, the hoboes spread out, forming a loose semicircle about the trees. Finally the signal came.

"FIRE!"

The bums, guns already out, took careful aim and shot their bullets straight into the writhing black bodies infesting the tree limbs. Panicked screeching began as the crows took note of the bums' existence. They dove, claws out, beaks open, looking to rip and tear the mottled flesh from the bums' smelly appendages. But the vagrants stayed strong, never showing fear. With sporadic shots, they scared the birds from the area. It would be an hour at least before the whole murder of crows found a new shitting spot. Until then, the bums would regroup.

"We did it!" yelled Sneakercrunch Tim, while slapping Mumbles Bill on the back.

"Mran, wemtaut thems crawsa lesom."

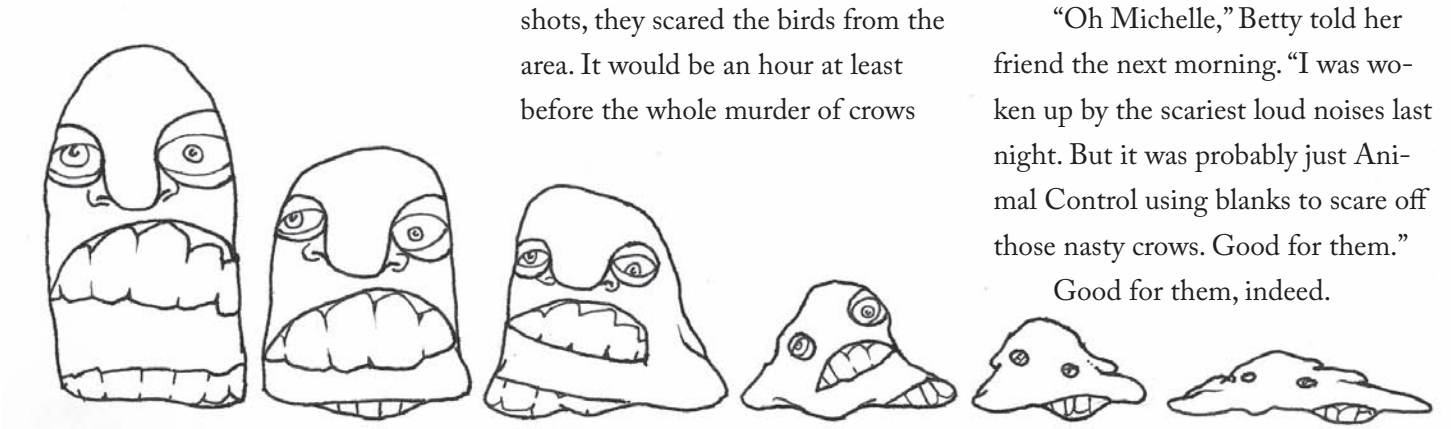
The Whistler whistled in ardent agreement.

They knew that in an out-and-out battle they would lose; the crows had overwhelming numbers on their side. So the bums used guerilla techniques, fighting off the dangers of crow infestation where they could. They were a rowdy bunch, but wholesome. They knew their work was of the utmost importance, and so every night they gathered without fail—they had a city to save, after all. Ann Arbor was their home, offering its streets, its alleys, its cardboard boxes to the homeless, giving them purpose. But they thrived in secrecy.

Just ask a hobo, "What can you tell me about the crows?" They won't tell you—they may even throw things at you—but you can always see the knowing gleam in their eye.

"Oh Michelle," Betty told her friend the next morning. "I was woken up by the scariest loud noises last night. But it was probably just Animal Control using blanks to scare off those nasty crows. Good for them."

Good for them, indeed.



"INSUFFERABLE NOSTALGIA"

BY KRIS & MAX

HIDY-HIDY-HI
KRIS!
HEY, MAX
WHAT'S THE HAPS?
JUST THINKIN' ABOUT THE GARG
FIGURES
UH, AN OBERON, PLEASE
HOW'D WE EVEN GET THROUGH THAT?
SHEER, BLIND PERSERVERENCE AND WE KEPT LONGER HOURS
I REMEMBER SLEEPING IN THE OFFICE AND WATCHING THE SUN RISE OVER BEN BASS IN SLOW MOTION
OH MAN, SLEEPING IN THE OFFICE
YEAH
SLEEPING IN THE OFFICE WAS AN EVENT
GOD, LAYOUT WEEKENDS WERE HELL.
THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU TRY TO PUT A MAGAZINE TOGETHER IN A WEEKEND
THE PARTIES WERE GOOD, THOUGH
REMEMBER WHEN JASON JUMPED CLEAN OVER CHELSEA?
YEAH!
AND WHEN YOU GUYS INVENTED THE GRAY DRINK
MIX BLUE VODKA AND ALL THE OTHER LIQUOR IN THE HOUSE, YOU GET THE GRAY DRINK
IT LOOKED SO GROSS
BUT IT WAS SO GOOD!
WE WERE ALWAYS DRINKIN'
I HARDLY DRINK AT ALL ANYMORE

THERE WERE SO MANY DRUNK MOVIES
HA HA HA
HEE HEE
FFFF
..REMEMBER 'DUMBO'?
YEAH
I MISS MY MOM
I REMEMBER 'DUMBO'
HEY, DID YOU HEAR MATT THOMPSON IS MOVING TO FRANCE?
KEITH TOLD ME
NOT SURE I BELIEVE IT, THOUGH
WELL, BEN MOVED TO ISRAEL
ENOUGH! WITH BEN
HE WASN'T A BAD GUY
WELL, I GUESS NOT
BUT I STILL ONLY REMEMBER ONE NICE THING ABOUT HIM
IT WAS LAYOUT. JUST ME AND HIM.
DECEMBER. WE HAD THIS FREE MENORAH IN THE OFFICE, REMEMBER?
I HAD MADE SOME OFFHAND COMMENT ABOUT LIKING HANUKKAH
DO YOU WANT TO LIGHT THE CANDLE FOR TODAY?
OH, I COULDN'T
I'M NOT JEWISH
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO SAY OR ANYTHING
I'LL HELP YOU
BARUKH ATAH
SO I WENT OVER THERE AND HE SORT OF HELD MY HAND AND TOLD ME THE WORDS
BARUKH ATAH
AND I REPEATED THEM
I S'POSE IF YOU CAN ONLY HAVE ONE GOOD MEMORY OF SOMEONE, THAT'S THE ONE TO HAVE
MM-HMM
GOOD TIMES, HUH?
YES'M
END.

Cops and Stingers

By David Faulkner

"Looks quite the mess, eh Bickles?" observed a rosy-cheeked, pear-shaped policeman. He hiked up his collar and shifted his weight, somewhat entranced by the carnage of the car wreck before him.

"A right tragedy, this," the bean-shaped Officer Bickles agreed. Bickles looked pensive for a moment, then wondered idly, "Say Roger, what do you figure done it?"

Officer Roger Dingsby looked up, incredulous.

"What do you mean, what done it? I think it's pretty obvious, innit? It's bloody brick wall what done it. Popped the poor bastard's 'ead like a grape."

"No, no Rog, I mean what made 'im swerve off the road and snuff hisself? Generally not the sort of thing a man does on purpose, eh? Mashing a lamppost with his car and all that. Flingin' hisself into the side of a building. Looks right surprised, you might say." Bickles cocked his head, looking thoughtfully at the victim's final expression:

"He don't look like a man what knew what was comin' to 'im. No sir."

"Is a prime question, that is."

Officer Dingsby looked hard at the accident scene, flicking his eyes from the mangled automobile to the uprooted lamppost to the victim's body, and back to the car again, his brain straining under thoughts much heftier than it was accustomed to. After what was, for Officer Dingsby, a Herculean feat of mental exertion, he unraveled his brow and concluded:

"Is bees what done it mate. Plain and simple."

"Bees? Yeah?" asked an impressed Officer Bickles, "How'd you figure, Rog?"

"All you got's to do is keep in mind the evidence, see?"

Officer Dingsby winked and tapped his ego-swollen head.

"No bees about now, is there Bickles? That's cos they can fly, mate. That's evidence what fled the scene of the crime. See, I reckon this bloke was having a drive, yeah, and thinks to hisself 'Fancy I'll have a smoke, then', so he pulls out a fag, lights it and has a smoke, yeah? Takes a puff, taps the ashes out the window, like you do. But he drives past a lovely bird, see, and thinks, 'Don't want to look like a cretin!' so he pulls out the ashtray below the radio, but what he doesn't know is that one of his mates thought it would be a lark to put a load of bees in the ashtray and close it up, yeah?"

"A right brilliant trick, that is. Me mate Sully done that to me once," Bickles commented, nodding sagely.

"It's a bloody classic, it is! So then the poor sod opens the ashtray and what happens? Bees everywhere! So he's flappin' and flailin' about," Dingsby continued, pantomiming as he spoke, "when all of a sudden, bang! Straight into the 'ole tonnabricks."

"What's a "tonnabricks" Rog?"

"It's the bloody wall, idiot!"

"Oh yeah."

Bickles nodded, staring blankly at the accident scene, his brain grappling feverishly with the scenario that Officer Dingsby had just presented. The battle between Bickles' brain and Dingsby's explanation took a quite a while, and the explanation lingered out of his brain's grasp for longer than Bickles found comfortable, but ultimately resulted in what could be considered comprehension.

"So," Bickles said slowly, "it's like the bees is the murderers, then?"

"That's what it seems to be, mate."

"An'...they done a runner on us, then?"

"Too right."

"Do you figger there's someone what we could talk to? About bees, I mean. Who could talk with bees and such? Right, he could chat up some bees, 'cos bees got hives, yeah? And hives is like a syndo...syndee...like a sort of mafia they is."

"You mean like one of them blokes what got the nets all on his face and that?"

"Right!" Officer Bickles agreed excitedly, hopeful that Officer Dingsby was warming to the idea of a bee-whisperer.

"So, what you propose, and stop me if I'm wrong now," Dingsby spoke with great precision, as though his words might break under the strain of Bickles' suggestion, "is that we find a man what can talk to bees, ask him to chat up some bee criminals, and if'n they won't talk—the bees, that is—we bring em' down to the yard for an inquiry."

Officer Bickles nodded furiously, his eyes alight with the thrill of having been a part of a real police investigation. Presently, Officer Dingsby regarded his partner with the same flabbergasted stare that most people reserve for exceptionally complex mathematics and bus schedules. They stared at each other for several moments, and then Dingsby shrugged.

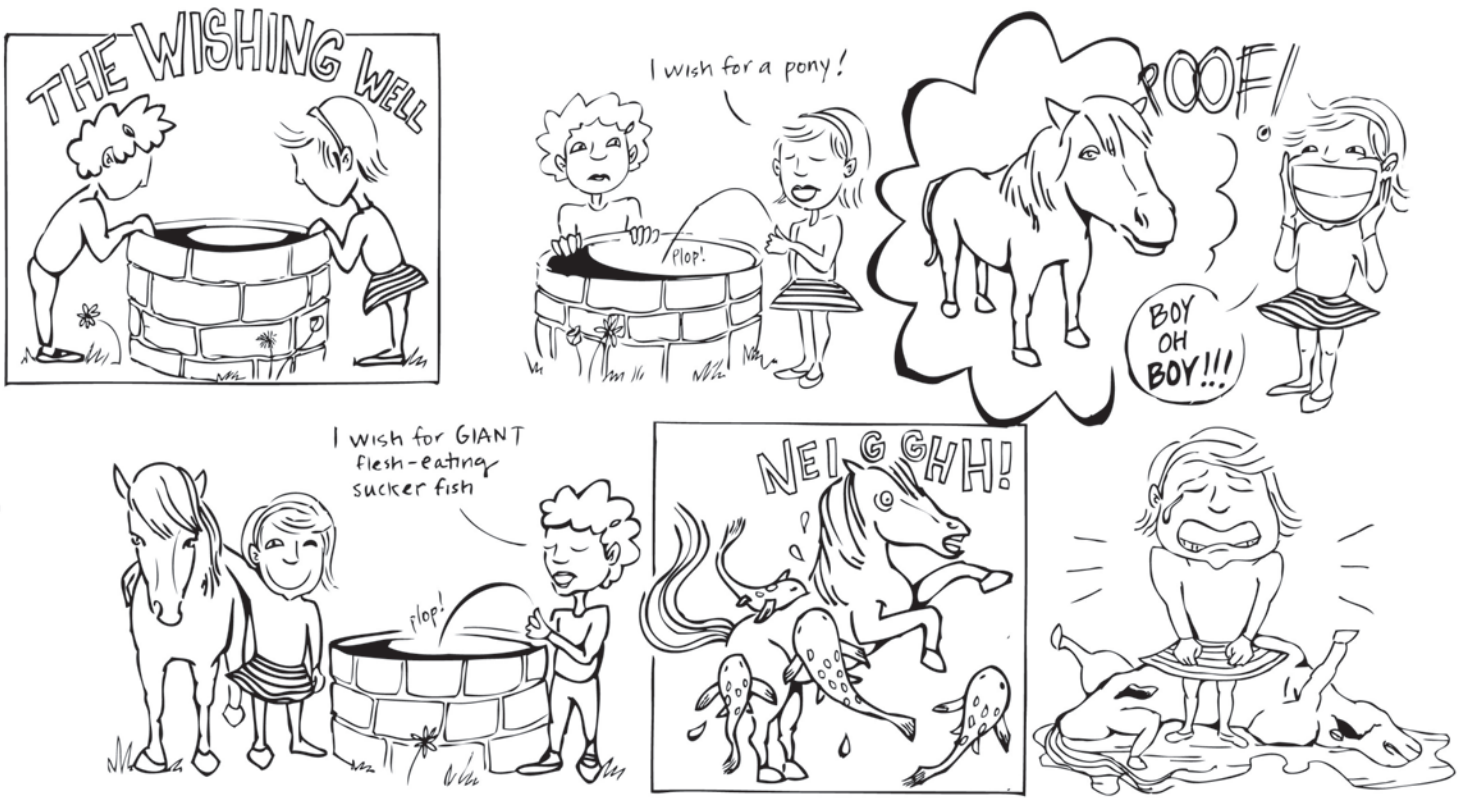
"Better than shufflin' papers, that is," he sighed. "Lets find us a man what can talk to bees."

And So, To Rise Higher, We Cast Off Dead Weight

Dave "Ninja" Ambrose

"How does one properly say farewell to the Gargoyle, to the readership, to the late night trips to the liquor store because Pete just stole my beer, and Max isn't drunk enough to tell us, yet again, his six stories? For that matter, why bother with a farewell piece at all? Well, frankly, because if I didn't write one, the Gargoyle would for me, and while I don't normally care what all you fuckers think of me, I didn't want the last published thing on my behalf to be three simple phrases: Dave stole all the women—what an asshole. We called him the Ninja. He was the distribution manager.

"The Gargoyle has been one of the greatest experiences of my life. Truly there are no people on campus like the Garg. When I first walked up to the Festifall table, a man with a long ponytail, a red Hawaiian shirt, and a straw hat holding a bomb signed me up. Four years later I am still here and still Garg. I've seen the staff change from sixteen to six to thirty, and all I can say is that I have loved them all. So to the readership let me say simply—you keep reading and they will keep writing. And to you Gargoyle writers I am leaving behind, let me say that you are the crudest, most unholy group of cretins I have ever loved. I will miss all of you."



A

Tina Smith
Mrs. Tyler's 6th grade English Class
1/15/09
Personal Triumph Essay- Rough Draft

Losing My Anal Flower – come up with a more creative title

wordy

It was on Thanksgiving. I was sitting across from him at the dinner table, wondering how illegal it was to dry-hump your second cousin (Wikipedia doesn't say). Apparently he was doing the same, and we exchanged wickedly tantalizing – good vocabulary looks while the food was served.

name – Proper Noun!

The table was conveniently narrow, which left just enough room for an enticing game of footsie. I missed at first, resulting in an unpleasant encounter with my grandpa's yellow, rotting toenails. He responded with a haunting, "Oh, Eleanor... I can't wait to tap that sweet ass." My grandma—Louise—proceeded to beat him, using as a club her spatula, her shoe, and finally her breast, which was both impressive and immensely traumatizing. After burying the memory as deep as possible, we locked toes in a way I can only describe as painfully erotic. We giggled together when his long toenails snagged my pink polka-dot toe-socks, and made out furiously for a couple seconds when I dropped my fork under the table. Instead of dessert, we went to the basement, his hand firmly placed on my ass. I was so excited! – good descriptive words.

informal.

I sat on the couch, and he energetically jumped on top of me (ouch); we started kissing and touching, but I was nervous. After all, I'm still only 12 ½. I started counting his piercings instead (17.) Then, a stroke of genius: He realized the only thing "wrong" was having sex, and we didn't have to do *exactly* that. All of a sudden things were moving so fast! The rest is such a blur; it was over before I knew it. I do remember the taste of the couch pillow (cottony) and the size of his penis (small) but I'm not really sure what happened. All I know is, I still have a small rug burn on my cheek to remind me of my accomplishment. – More detail

unnessecary quotes

too many parentheses

I sit awake at night thinking about that miraculous day. Every time I stand up, the shooting pain I feel reminds me of him. Every page in my diary says his name at least once. I think I'm in love. I tried to call the number he gave me, but he must have lost his phone again. I sent him some emails, though, and I know he got them. But he's so busy up at school that I'm sure it will be a little while before he can respond. As soon as he graduates, we're going to move in together. He told me so that night, and I planned it all out. We're going to live in a cute little house, and I'll have to learn to cook more than macaroni & cheese, and he'll work as a musician with his band *The Nasty Dragons*[1]. – good use of footnotes!

too many contractions

& – this is a formal essay.

I can't wait.

1 Nasty Dragon: A girl on her knees giving you head. Slam your cock all the way to the back as you cum. Then, pull out and slap her face with your cock causing her to snort. She should then expel your load out her nose like a dragon breathing fire... –Urban Dictionary <www.urbandictionary.com>

This page was brought to you
by our favorite horny
electric dinosaur...

Gilbert
"Uncle Gil"
Borman,
Esq.

How the Gritch Stole Valentine's

By Sean Kermath

Every Flit down in Flitville Liked Valentine's a lot...

But the Gritch, who lived just north of Flitville, did NOT!

The Gritch hated Valentine's! The whole Valentine's season!

Now, please don't ask why. No one quite knows the reason. It could be her tits weren't screwed on just right. It could be, perhaps, that her panties were too tight. But I think that the most likely reason of all may have been that her snatch was two sizes too small.

But, whatever the reason, her panties or tits, she stood there on Valentines, hating the Flits, staring down from her cave with a sour, gritchy frown at the warm lighted windows below in their town.

"It's back again this year!" She snarled with a sneer, "Tomorrow is Valentine's! It's practically here!"

Then she growled, with her gritch fingers nervously drumming, "I MUST find some way to stop Valentines from coming!"

For, tomorrow, she knew...

All the Flit girls would wake bright and early. They'd rush to their boys! And then! Oh, the noise! Oh, the Noise! Noise! Noise! Noise! That's one thing she hated! The NOISE! NOISE! NOISE! NOISE!

Then the Flits, young and old, would lay down in their beds. And they'd moan! And they'd moan! And they'd MOAN! MOAN! MOAN! MOAN!

And THEN they'd do something she liked least of all! Every Flit down in Flitville, the tall and the small, would stand close together, with Valentine's cheer. They'd stand hand-in-hand. And the Flits would start fucking!

They'd fuck! And they'd fuck! And they'd FUCK! FUCK!! FUCK!! FUCK!!

And the more the Gritch thought of this Flit-Orgy-Fling, the more the Gritch thought, "I must stop this whole thing!

"Why, for twenty-three years I've put up with it now! I MUST stop this Valentine's from coming!

"...But HOW?"

Then she got an idea! An awful idea! THE GRITCH GOT A WONDERFUL, AWFUL IDEA!

"I know just what to do!" The Gritch laughed in her throat. And she made a quick Succubus coat.

And she chuckled, and clucked, "What a great gritchy trick! With this coat and these tits, I'll get every guy's prick."

All their windows were dark. Quiet snow filled the air. All the Flits were all dreaming wet dreams without care. When she came to the first little house on the square.

"This is stop number one," the old Gritchy bitch hissed. And she climbed into the Flit's room, ready for sex. When she came he thought it was a dream. He didn't know she was stealing his cream. He didn't know that she filmed the whole thing.

The Gritch snuck out of that Flit's room and ran to his girlfriend's house with a zoom! She planted the tape and ran. Her night had only just began.

Then she did the same thing at the other Flits' houses.

The next day she was gritch-ish-ly humming, "They're finding out now that no Flit will be coming! They're just waking up! I know just what they'll do! They'll watch the videos for minute or two, then the Flits down in Flit-ville will all cry boo-hoo!"

"That's a noise," grinned the Gritch, "That I simply MUST hear!" So she paused. And the Gritch put her hand to her ear.

And she did hear a sound rising over the snow. It started low. Then it started to grow...

But the sound wasn't sad! Why, this sound sounded merry! It couldn't be so! But it WAS merry! VERY!

She stared down at Flit-ville! The Gritch popped her eyes! Then she shook! What she saw was a shocking surprise!

Every Flit down in Flitville, the tall and the small, were fucking! Without any protection at all!

She HADN'T stopped Valentines from coming! IT CAME! Somehow or other, it came just the same!

And the Gritch, with her gritch feet ice-cold in the snow, stood puz-zling and puzzling: "How could it be so? They came without condoms! They came without fear! They came without flowers, chocolates or beer!"

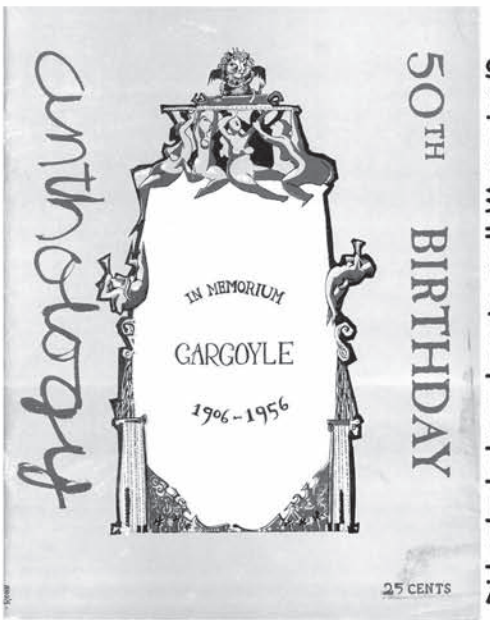
And she puzzled three hours, till her puzzler was sore. Then the Gritch thought of something she hadn't before!

"Maybe Valentine's," she thought, "doesn't come from a whore.

"Maybe Valentine's...perhaps... means a little bit more!"

And what happened then? Well, in Flit-ville they say that the Gritch's small snatch grew three sizes that day!

And the minute her panties didn't feel quite so tight, guys jizzed in her through the bright morning light. She kept getting play until the next night.



In 1956, we thought Gargoyle was 50 years old when it was really only 47.

Did nobody know how to spell 'Memoriam'?

Gargoyle in the 50s cost 25 cents and regularly sold out. No one could figure out why.

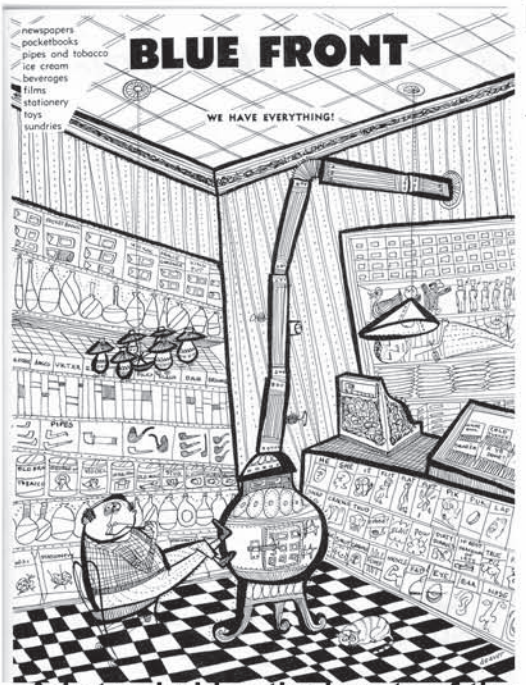
Production costs were mainly paid by the cigarette ads on the back cover.

The overseers would periodically complain about the art work, and I had to explain that the artists had not yet got to the lessons where they learned to draw clothes.

Photographing Marian Mercer in the publications lobby caused a minor scandal and a major traffic problem

This was

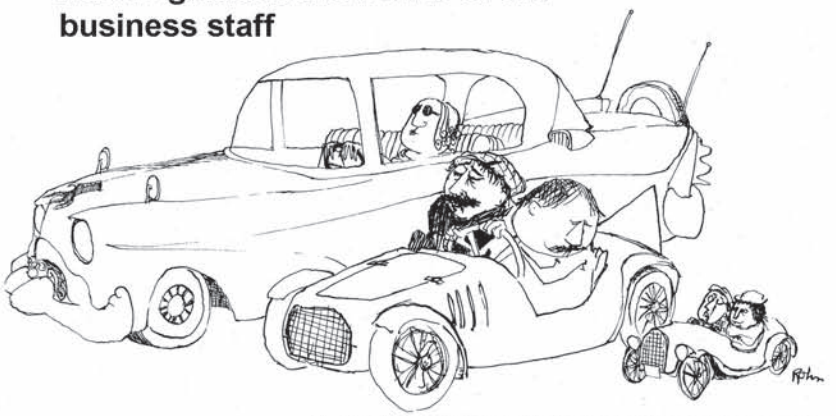
The 1950s

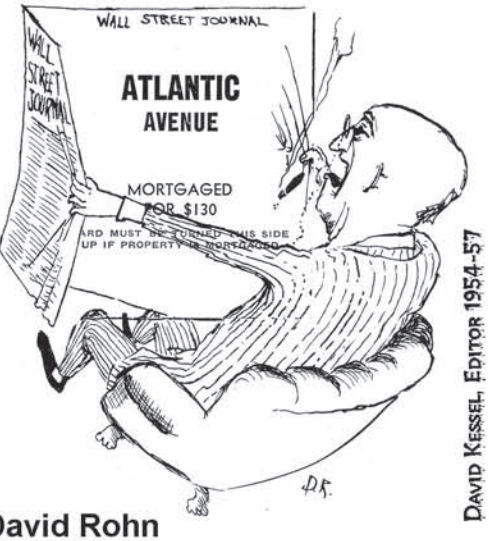


Ads to gladden the hearts of the business staff

The Daily was a frequent target for abuse

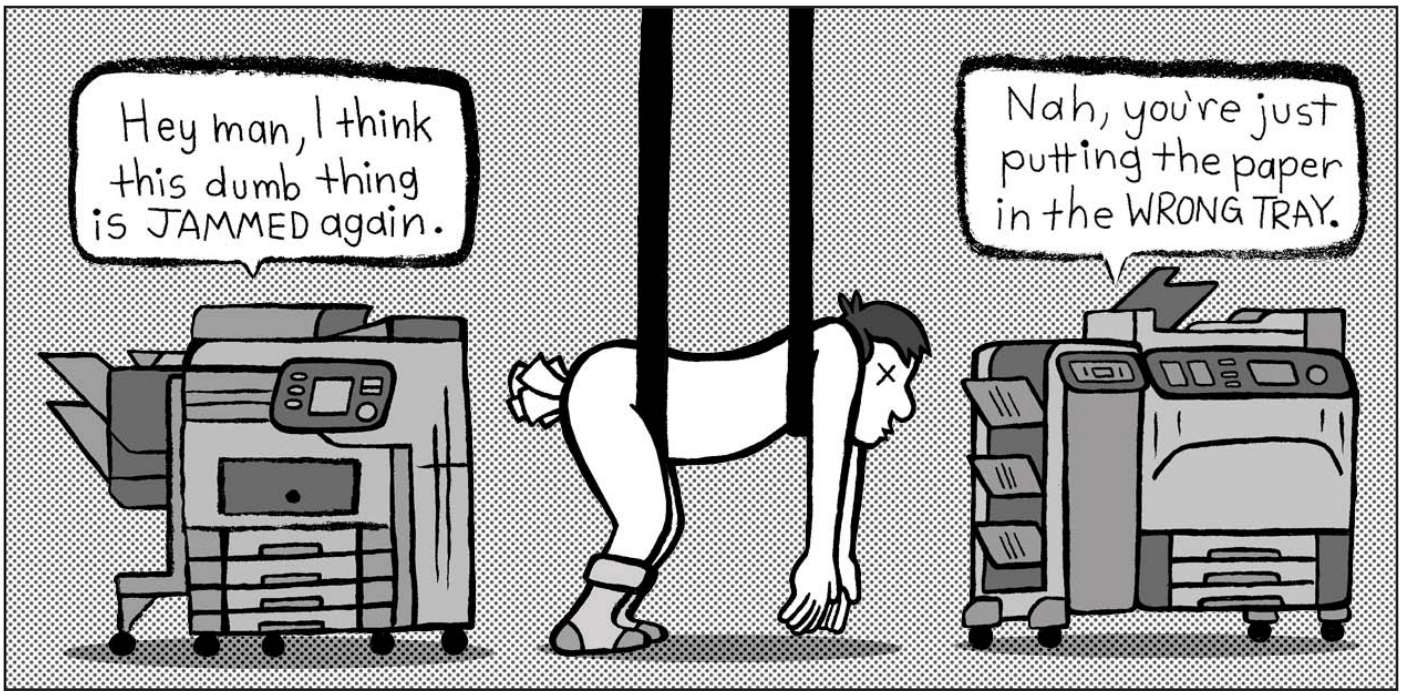
'These Daily editorials really grab me. I can use minds like these.'





A series of understated cartoons by David Rohn

David Kessel, Editor 1954-57



My Invisible Friend

By Petey Eldred

When I was a child I always fantasized about having an invisible friend. I desperately wanted one. Everyone I knew had their own invisible friend to pal around with, invisibly having invisible adventures. I tried for a while. I made one up. His name was Mr. Badeedee. I believe he played the saxophone. But no matter how much I pretended he existed, I knew I was just being a fucking tool, playing with a fake invisible friend because I wasn't awesome enough to have a real invisible friend.

It weighed heavily on me at night. I was living a lie. All of my childhood inadequacies came together to collectively shit on my face, scrawling on my forehead in feces: "If you were cool, you wouldn't have to make your invisible friend up. You would feel it!"

It was devastating. Then on one particularly rough night Mr. Badeedee came to me in a dream.

I had been wrong: He didn't play the saxophone, but rather the trumpet.

"Finally!" I cried, "You're here! A real invisible friend!"

He was a little taken aback. "No, dumbass. This is a dream. Are you fucking retarded?"

"No, I'm five."

"That doesn't mean you can't be slow."

"Why won't you stay with me?" I pleaded.

"Jesus, are you still on about this? Why would you want an invisible friend that you believe was real? Do you want to set yourself up to be that much of a loser? Do you want to live with cats all your fucking life?"

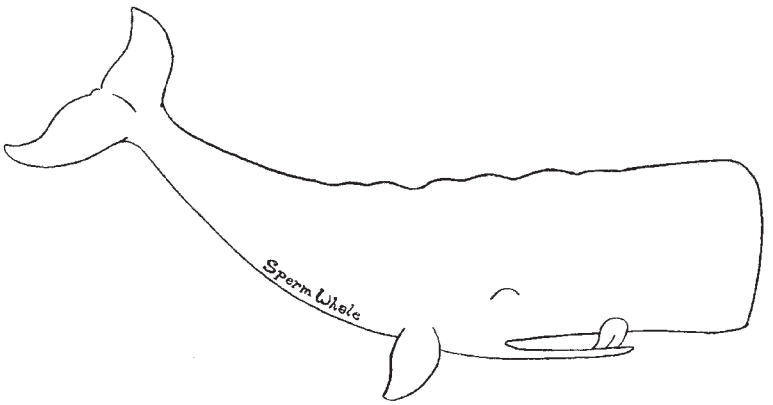
"I like cats. And everybody else has an invisible friend."

"Everybody else is bored and looking for attention. And probably real stupid. You're five, right?"

"And a half."

"Alright, kid. How about you forget about me and take up a hobby? Like binge drinking."

So I did.



Hey there, you handsome devil!

Are you enjoying yourself so far?
Or do you maybe think this is all shit and that you could do way better?
Either way,

THE GARGOYLE WANTS YOU!

We're constantly recruiting new writers, artists, businesspeople, PR flunkies, ideamachines, designatrons, layoutslingers, conceptmongers, and VCR technicians!

More importantly, the Garg will be PAYING COMMISSIONS to people willing to sell ads for us over the summer!

Email us at gargmail@umich.edu or come to one of our meetings at 6 PM every Friday in Room 2007 of the Student Publications Building.

Egg Story By David Faulkner

Morning began as it often did, gently introducing itself with a patient sunrise, followed by the unbearable clamor of traffic and birdsong. Roland Tibbles, in turn, greeted the new day as he often did, peering through bloodshot eyes and mumbling something irritable about a lack of bacon and eggs.

He shuffled and shambled through the living room and into the kitchen, nearly tripping over a squat green footstool. Roland stood in the kitchen for a few moments, glaring contemptuously at the errant ottoman before he refocused his mind on the task at hand: breakfast.

A quick survey of the fridge indicated that Roland was down to his last egg. He frowned, put the carton on the counter, and set about finding a skillet; he didn't get far in his search before he heard a faint wailing.

"Roooooolaaaand…"

Roland paused to reassure himself that his kitchen was not haunted, and then located a small frying pan in a cabinet next to the stove. He set the skillet up on the stove and was about to seek out some vegetable oil when he heard the sound again, louder this time:

"Roland! Please! Don't eat me!"

Although he couldn't be certain, it seemed to Roland that the voice was coming from the egg carton on the counter. Cautiously, he ventured forth and opened it.

"Have mercy, Roland! I'm afraid!" shrieked the lone egg.

Roland leapt backwards and nearly landed on the countertop behind him; he was almost sure that an egg was talking to him. Well, it wasn't really talking, so much as it was thinking at him, and Roland was hearing it in his head.

"Uhm, I'm sorry, but I'm quite hungry. And…you see," Roland fumbled about for the right words; desperately searching for the kindest way to explain that being made into an omelet wasn't a personal attack.

"No, don't do it! I've got my whole life ahead of me!"

"Can't be helped," sighed Roland. He picked up the egg and began moving it towards the frying pan.

"AAAAAAAAAAiiiiiiiiiiiiiieeeee!" howled the egg.

Roland moved the egg back away from the stove and the screaming ended. Experimentally, he began inching the egg back toward the skillet; it shrieked again, so he set it back in the carton where it sat quietly.

"This really isn't fair, you know, " said Roland, "I've never had problems with eggs before, and I'm really hungry."

"Unfair! You're about to eat me!" bellowed the egg, "I'll tell you what, if you don't eat me, I'll do you a favor."

Although Roland was impressed by the discovery of man-egg telepathic contact, he couldn't imagine what a Grade-A White Jumbo egg was going to do for him.

"So go on then, what can you do for me?

"How would you like to fly, Roland?" the egg inquired.

"Pardon?"

"Watch this."

There was a loud crackling sound accompanied by a strange, tinny, smell in the air and Roland was lifted to a comfortable hovering position several inches above the ground. He hung in the air, supported by no obvious means for several seconds before he was slowly lowered back down.

"How…how can you?" Roland stammered, incredulous.

"Roland. I'm a talking egg. Are you really that surprised?"

A moment of consideration followed and Roland decided that he wasn't. He picked up the egg and stepped out onto his 23rd floor balcony, grinning stupidly into the morning sun. After adjusting his bathrobe for comfort, Roland stepped onto the railing, and looked to the egg balanced delicately in his left hand.

"So, what should I call you? Do eggs have names?"

Though he saw none, Roland sensed that if the egg had eyebrows, they would have been raised in an expression of annoyed bafflement.

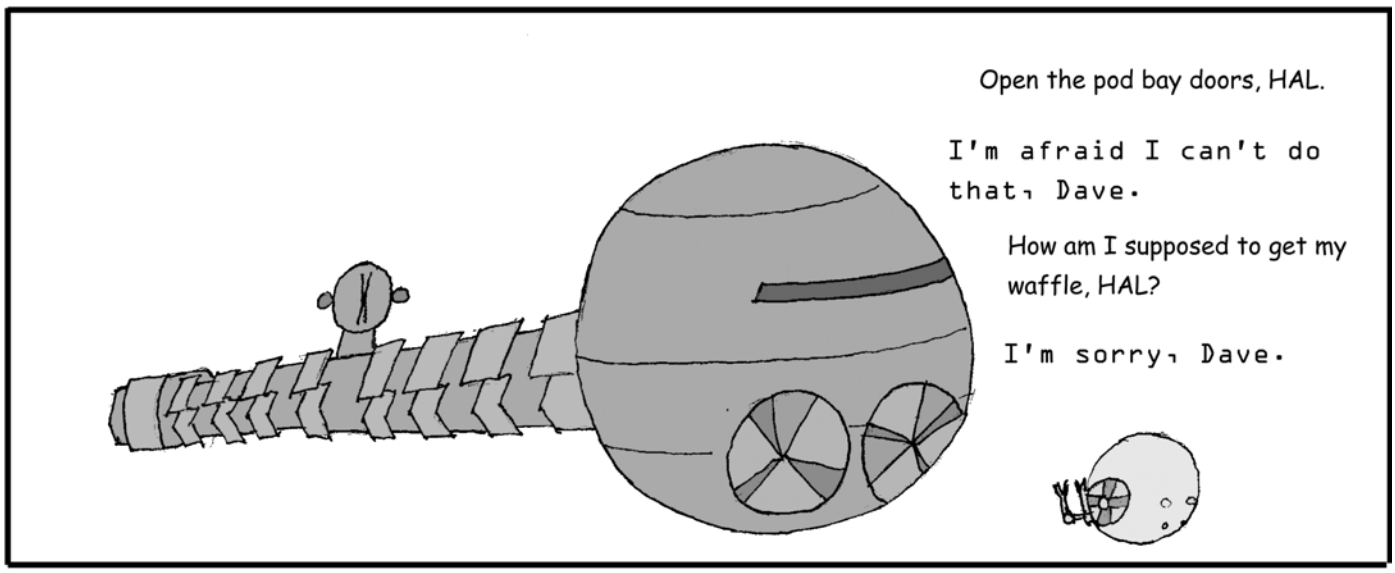
"Benedict, Roland," the egg sighed, "My name is Benedict. Any other silly questions?"

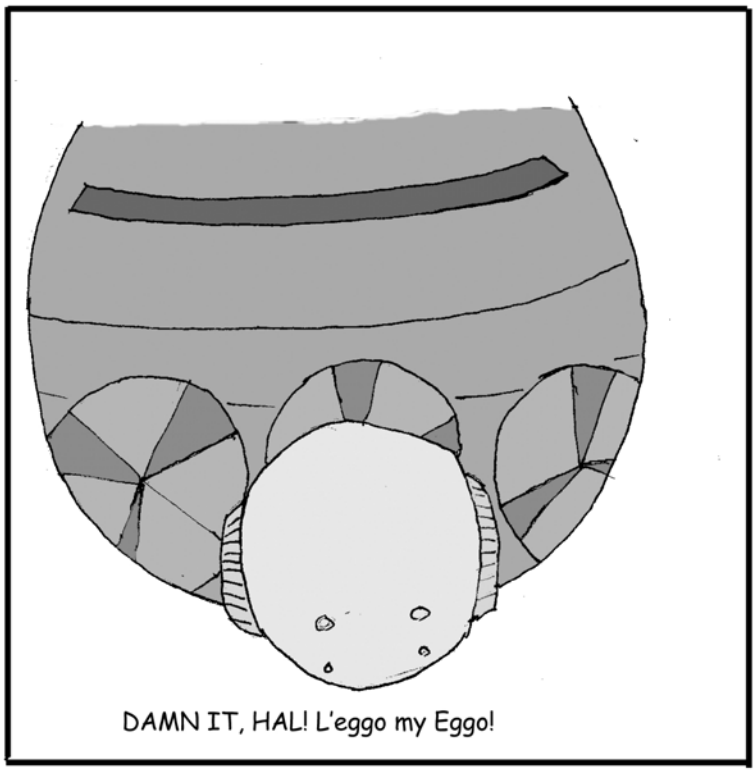
"What are we going to do?"

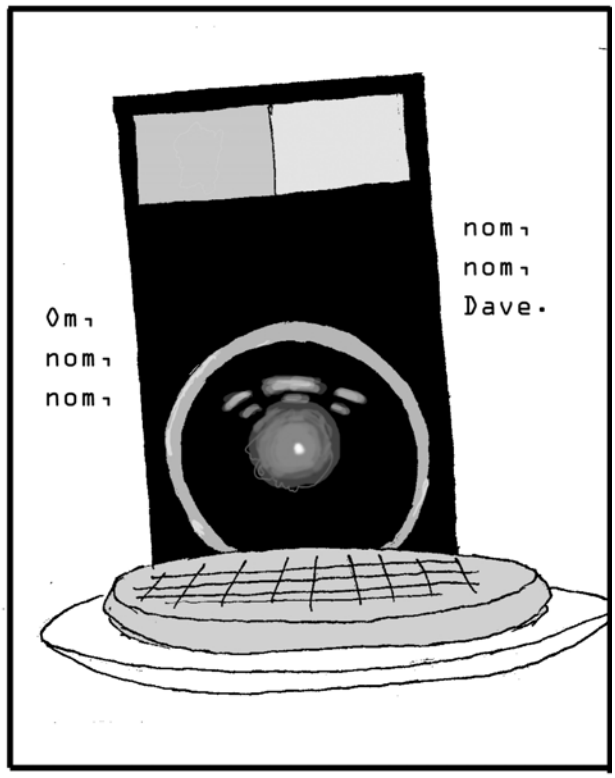
"We are going to live, Roland. And we shall live well."

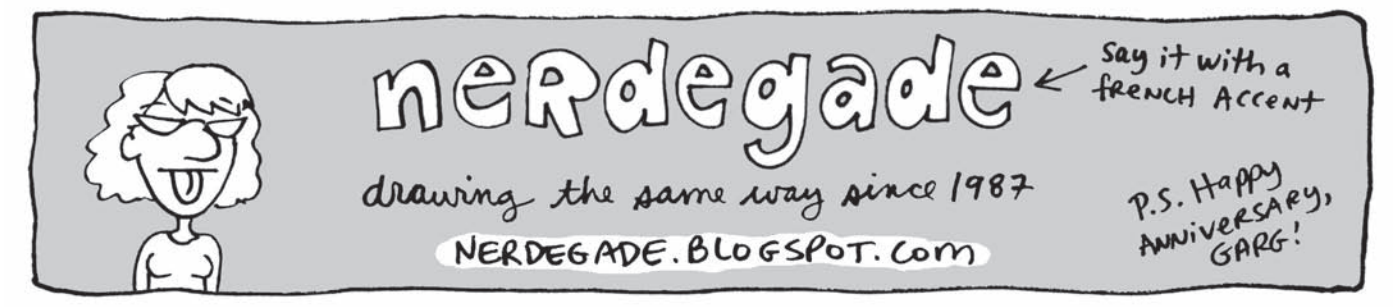
With that, Roland stepped resolutely into the abyss, momentarily afraid, only to find himself borne up on the supernatural wings of his new friend and at the start of what would become the first of their many adventures.

The Best Eggo Commercial, Ever By Brian Mann









Ahh, spring is upon us....

You know what that means!

Time to shed your winter coats and prepare for baseball, spring break adventures, and relentless outdoor copulation. But most importantly, it's time to check out the newest trends in the fashion world! Through extensive research and covert journalism, at the expense of no less than three lives of dedicated staff members, the Gargoyle has unearthed the fashions that will soon be storming the runways and window displays.

The greatest designers have spoken, and the word is "VOODOO!"

It is to be expected that you will be skeptical at this point. Why is a fairly unknown and often demonized religion being turned into the latest craze? Allow us to convince you with the following benefits of jumping on the bandwagon!

It's official, (going) green is the new black.

You can't get more organic than this bullshit. Outfits made of leaves and bones are all the rage. Don't fall for those biodegradable handmade t-shirts—jerk off your ego with a spoonful of Earth-friendly voodoo! Low CO_2 emissions are an additional plus.

Goth? No problem!

Express your angst and keep writing suicidal poetry, because voodoo keeps the fun going! Voodoo gives the overused skull, bat, and snake motif a fresh coat of paint, allowing the joys of social exile and self-hate to continue. Also good for punk rockers and emos!

Voodoo has something for all you ugly people out there!

Especially you, JESSICA. Masks are a creative and hip new way to help avoid coming to terms with how hideous you are.

Voodoo is hip, hot, and happening.

Voodoo is the new you!

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Rain of Men

By Nikita Desai

It was coming.

He knew it was going to rain that day. After a month-long drought, the sky was gray, cloudy, and seemingly endless. It looked like it was plotting something. Something terrible and wet. He had left his umbrella at home, thinking he wouldn't need it; one step outside was all it took to convince him otherwise. He couldn't concentrate at work, accidentally removing a patient's spleen instead of her appendix. It didn't matter because they were both useless organs, and he wasn't really a surgeon. All day he looked out the window, the dreadful apprehension choking him like bad acid reflux, making him tense and cagey. Every bone in his body vibrated with the thrilling sense that something amazing was about to happen. And then...

It was here.

In one grand flourish, the sky opened up with a thunderous crash, heralding the long-awaited downpour. People in the streets turned their faces to the sky, hoping for the feel of droplets on their tired skin. Those inside pressed their eager noses against the glass of their offices, schools, and homes, ready to witness the rain they had been awaiting for so long.

There was suddenly a sound in the air, like the dulcet tones of a Beijing opera singer. As soon as he heard it, he knew what was going to happen. It was the unmistakable sound of a scream: loud, desperate, and masculine. People turned to each other in uncertainty, wondering what kind of madness was meant by this. A wide-eyed child gazing up at the sky suddenly exclaimed for all to hear, "There's a man in the sky!" That was when the city realized with growing horror what was happening.

It was raining men.

Faster than you could breathe, the sky filled with hundreds upon thousands of middle-aged men, all completely naked. As they fell to Earth, they writhed and screamed in confusion, their arms and legs pinwheeling in a desperate attempt to keep themselves from meeting the ground. The crowds gaped in shock as man after man smashed into the ground with a resounding *splat*. The force of their impact caused body parts to fly everywhere. Arms and legs were strewn about the ground like a game of jacks gone awry.

Men collided in mid-air, initiating a chain of human combustion which caused bodies to explode and penises to rain down upon innocent heads, poking out eyes and infiltrating mouths.

"Oh God, the cocks! The cocks!" one woman screamed as multiple penises slapped her in the face on their way to their earthly destination. The air was ripe with the bitter smell of men and death. Rivers of blood soaked the ground past the point of saturation. It was like some hellish battlefield with homoerotic overtones. Mothers tried to shield their children, but it was to no avail: the men kept coming.

"Look, Ma! I got a bouncy ball!" one boy shouted in prepubescent glee as his mother looked on in horror.

"No, Timmy, no! That's not a ball! It's an eye!"

People ran wildly in the streets trying to dodge the pudgy, tormented bodies as they hurtled to the ground. Their desperate cries as they searched for their loved ones were mixed with the death throes of a million raining men.

He stood at the window, his face solemnly pressed against the glass—glass that was dirty on the inside, bloody on the outside. He watched them all, scrambling to avoid the men falling on lampposts and cars. It was too much, and he soon turned back to the TV just as a newscast came on about the storm. The weather girl said that, at half past ten, no one could tell when this rain of death would ever end. Suddenly, while images of gore flashed across his TV and his window, a thought began to unwind in the back of his mind.

Weather girls…half past ten…why does that sound so familiar? He wondered to himself. As he paced the floor in time to thumps of men meeting their end, he mulled over all the possibilities. It was then, in one horrible instant, that he realized where he had heard that before. Rushing back to his window and throwing it open, he frantically surveyed the streets and found what he was looking for. There they were, dancing and singing in a bus stop as though there weren't millions of naked men raining down around them. The fat bitches were even cackling with maniacal glee. The Weather Girls.

He had suspected 20 years ago that their song wasn't just some chart-topping, toe-tapping tune. It was a monstrous prophecy of apocalyptic proportions. They had disguised their terrible plans to wreak man-shaped havoc on the world, one city at a time, with a seemingly innocent pop song. And now, there they were, reveling in the fruits of their labor. What could anyone do? How could anyone stop them? He could see it now. The temptation would be too much. Necrophilia rates would rise, birth rates would fall, and eventually the world would be reduced to some post-apocalyptic Boy George fantasy.

No. He couldn't let that happen. Now was the time for action. He sprinted to his closet and flung open the door. Inside the closet, up on the highest shelf behind his pornography and baby pictures laid a box marked "War." It had sat there for years; for how long, no one but himself knew. It was from his yak-fighting days, during the strange and troubled times of the Yak Attacks. Inside the box were many smaller boxes, with rifles, deer antler blades, and shurikens—but those weren't what he needed. They would have no effect on beings like the Weather Girls. What he needed was in one unmarked box. It contained a book titled *Raining Men for Dummies* and a bucket of fried chicken. It was his anti-Weather Girls kit. They had all laughed at him when he made it so long ago, but he was the one who would have the last laugh now.

After donning his black trench coat and slinging a couple AK-47s over his shoulders for aesthetics, he holstered the bucket in his utility belt and stepped into the door; he quickly shook off the impact and opened the glass door so that he could do what needed to be done. His depth perception may have been poor, but his fighting skills were not. Epic showdowns were his forte, and a monstrously epic battle was about to go down.

"Weather Girls!" he cried into the street, his voice echoing ominously. "I'm calling you out, Weather Girls!"

Their heads whipped around to face him, their jowls quivering in surprise. Sashaying their enormous bulks towards him, they began to laugh, screeching guffaws reminiscent of country singing vultures. They took turns speaking just to mock him.

"Well, well," one said, "look what we have here! A little man-boy who thinks he can stop us!"

"Stop us? Stop US?! How absolutely silly! I guess we will just have to eat him," the other exclaimed.

He simply smirked with collected ease. "As if, Weather Girls. I have you fat cows in a corner. But just

tell me this before I send you to the abyss in which you so rightly belong. Why? Why make it rain men? What could that possibly accomplish?"

They cackled once again, a cacophonous solo with the background orchestra of men smashing into the ground. The sound made his flesh crawl and caused all pregnant women in the vicinity to miscarry. The shorter one said, "Why? We will tell you why! Because we can! And because we are here to destroy your planet so that we can build it anew!"

"You're…you're aliens?! Fucking Christ, I should have known! The hair, the bodies, that ridiculous music video. No real human could make something so fake and inane."

"How dare you call our masterpiece, our triumph and glory…inane? Even the critics loved it!" the taller one screamed.

"Well, at least it wasn't as fucking inane as those pitiful excuses for ugly eighties prom dresses you're wearing," he said.

At this, the Weather Girls flew into a horrific rage, their diseased blue and purple sequined coats flapping as they writhed in anger.

"Never…insult…our…clothing!" they shrieked as one. "Now you will feel our true power! Weather Girls…unite!"

The two bloated women began to liquefy—a significant improvement on their previous forms, he felt. The puddles of woman goo merged, and before he could fully process what was happening, they reformed into one giant female alien monster with one head and more limbs than he could count. The sight was so disgusting it nearly made him vomit, but he managed to fight his gag impulse as he calculated his next move.

"Ah ha ha ha! Try and defeat us now, puny human!" they gurgled with glee.

"Try? I don't even have to try, bitch," he said as he pulled out the bucket of fried chicken.

The being stopped mid-stride, its grotesque face twisting in even more grotesque shock. Its mouth opened and closed in silent rage, unable to come up with a witty enough retort, knowing that it was soon at its end.

"Fried…chicken?" its wet, metallic voice cried, scared for the first time in its disgusting life.

"What, you don't like delicious, breaded, and fried…chicken?" he casually remarked, idly pulling out one tender wing from the greasy cardboard bucket.

"You wouldn't. You wouldn't dare! That's not even humane! It goes against any law in the universe!"

"Well," he said coolly, "I've never been much for laws."

He hurled the bucket of fried chicken as hard as he could at the gigantic monster, praying to God that it would hit its mark, the mythical power source of the Weather Girls. It seemed fate was on his side today; the bucket hit the monster right between its enormous breasts.

"No! Not the boobs…!" it screeched as its flesh melted and its blood flowed onto the street. In a matter of seconds, the being dissolved as though it had never existed.

In the eerie silence after the creature's demise, a strange sound was heard in the air. People stopped screaming and shitting themselves in fear to watch as the millions of men plummeting to the ground began to disappear in puffs of smoke. Even the bodies on the ground evaporated and the rivers of blood dried up. To finish off the perfect resolution, the clouds suddenly parted to reveal a brilliant blue sky which eased the wearied hearts of the city.

All was well with the destruction of the Weather Girls. The people who had witnessed the rain of men would have lasting scars, both physical and mental, for many generations to come—but that was to be expected. He lit a cigarette as he leaned against a wall, relieved that the horrific crisis had been averted. Making his way back home, he was content with a day's job well done.

As he entered his apartment building, someone started their car outside and began blaring their radio. He paid no attention, the pleasant hum of success echoing in his own head, oblivious to the jangly chords of "It's Raining Men" echoing down the street as the sun set on the quiet city.

False Advertising By Sam Shingledecker

Jason and Dooley tried to be good American teenagers. They wasted time with angsty dialogues. They freqently stayed up late just so they could eat food that takes less than two minutes to make. They sought a place to get away, a place of their own where they could hang out.

Like many of us at the tender age of seventeen, Jason and Dooley felt the need to hold dominion over a dark, comfortable, and private space. Thus, a quest began to find the perfect hang-out basement. Jason's family lived in an apartment complex, so that would not do and Dooley's family lived in a house with one of those short, gravel-filled basements, which didn't seem that comfortable. The duo turned to others in attempt to find the chill-zone of their dreams.

After a month of searching, they found a delightful young lady online who went by the name Jane, who happened to actually live in her parents' basement. Not realizing that Jane was actually 33 and not the advertised 18, the boys excitedly arranged a play date.

After a week of preparation and gear checks, Jason and Dooley set out on an indescribably plain Wednesday afternoon. Upon arriving at the address provided by Jane, they knocked on the door. No one answered. After a pause, they knocked again. Still no answer.

Dooley tried the door. It was unlocked so they let themselves in and quickly found their way to the basement stairs. They called out to potential dwellers, but no one responded, so the boys started down the stairs.

What they saw next could not have been imagined in either boy's wildest dreams. Shag carpet, a big ol' stereo system, two beat-up couches (likely from the 70's) and...a disco ball!

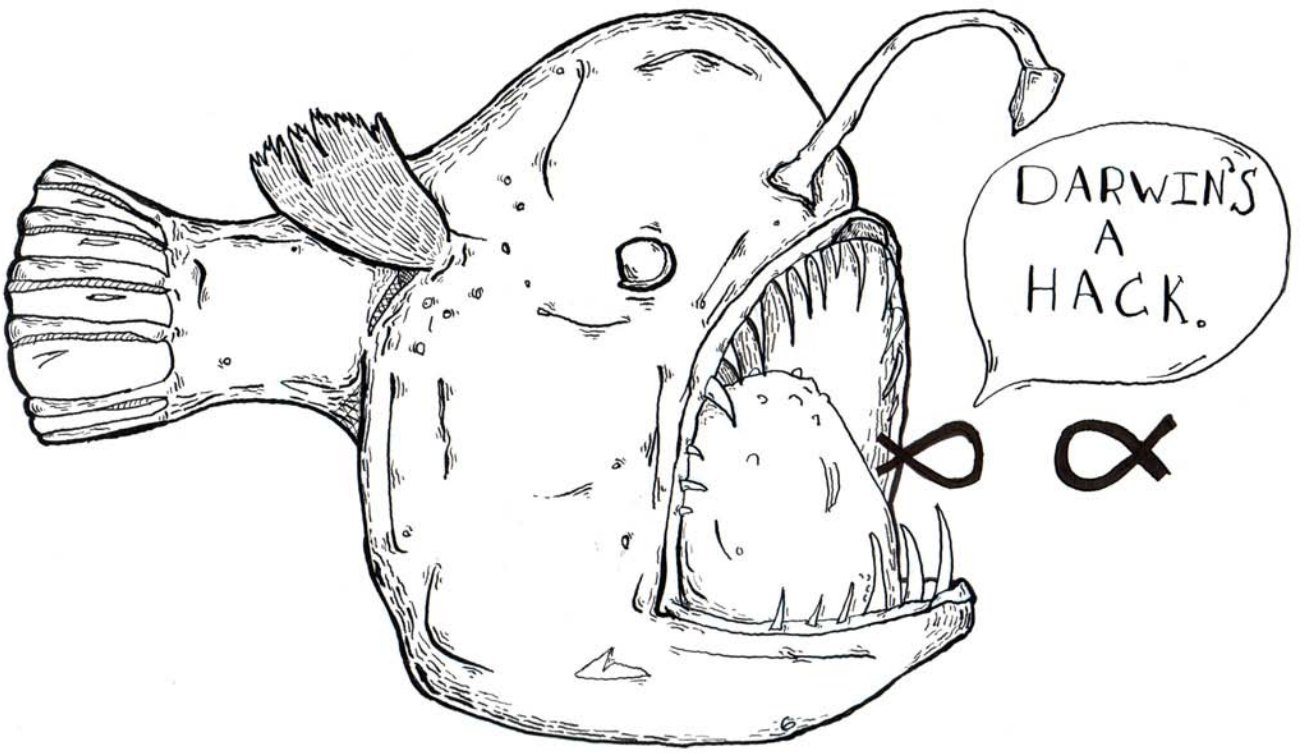
Well, I don't have to tell you how excited Jason and Dooley were. They gave each other a priceless expression of Hallmark cheesiness and raced to jump on their respective future sofas. As they landed a large plume of dust shot out of each couch and formed into a big cloud, which slowly grew.

When it did not dissipate, the boys exchanged looks of a more befuddled nature. The teens gazed on as the cloud formed into a humanoid shape. Slowly, a turban came into focus on the cloud's "head." Then, the middle of the cloud turned into what could be nothing else but a bowling shirt. Last to form were the being's brushy mustache and the ties to what appeared to be its sweatpants.

Too frightened to speak, Jason and Dooley continued to stare. How could they guess that this would happen, whatever "this" was. Alas, the being finally spoke up with a roar.

"I am the God of All Basements. Who the hell do you think you are to come in here uninvited and laze upon the royal sitting furnitures?"

The boys both immediately died of fright. Jane was later sent to prison for fifteen years on charges of negligent manslaughter and soliciting sex from a minor.



Confessions of a Veggie-Sexual

By Kevin Bauer

It's amazing how crude drawings can sum up your sex life. One friend of mine once found a picture of her being raped by the Eiffel Tower, scrawled hastily on loose leaf. Another friend lost his job at the day-care after inspiring the ire of a real Photoshop pro. Me? Permanent ink on my dorm's dry erase board. A picture of me, bent over naked with a cucumber, asking, "Just once?"

Ironically, I'm more into zucchini.

I discovered my sexuality in the usual way: my father. With mom gone, any movie was rentable and—as I quickly discovered—commentable. I can't tell you how many times dad exclaimed about an actress's melons. Given Dad's preference for Angelina Jolie, I questioned only if her watermelons hurt being planted.

Even old lady boobs seemed like cantaloupes. They were wrinkly too.

At first, it was innocent enough. I giggled when I had fruit cups at school. I couldn't help but wonder about carrots. I had to control myself when carving jack o' lanterns.

In my rebellious youth, I started experimenting with my neighbor's garden. Every few nights, I'd creep out of bed just to grope Mrs. Jackson's tomatoes or pinch the tips of her strawberries.

Then I popped my cherry.

After that, it was only a matter of time before things started going downhill. Only the sleaziest porn sites finally gave me what I wanted. Men with corn-cob condoms and women molesting squash. I watched so much that only burly farmers yanking potatoes from the ground did anything for me.

And don't get me started on kumquats.

I heard a joke about cannibals forcing three explorers to shove different amounts of fruit up their ass until their facial expressions changed: apples, cherries, and pineapples.

Three apples? Impossible. Sliced? No sweat.

Fitting ten cherries up there is pretty easy. I got up to fourteen.

I wish I hadn't tried the pineapples.

Then my roommate found out just how much of a vegan I really am. Really, some people just can't keep their mouths shut. It was only hummus spread, and I was going to clean up.

Yeah, we live in a multicultural society, but some things are still a bit too progressive for us to handle, I guess. For all the artichokers out there, fear not; it's only a matter of time before we start a veggie-pride parade and organize "VeggieTales" screenings for the cause.

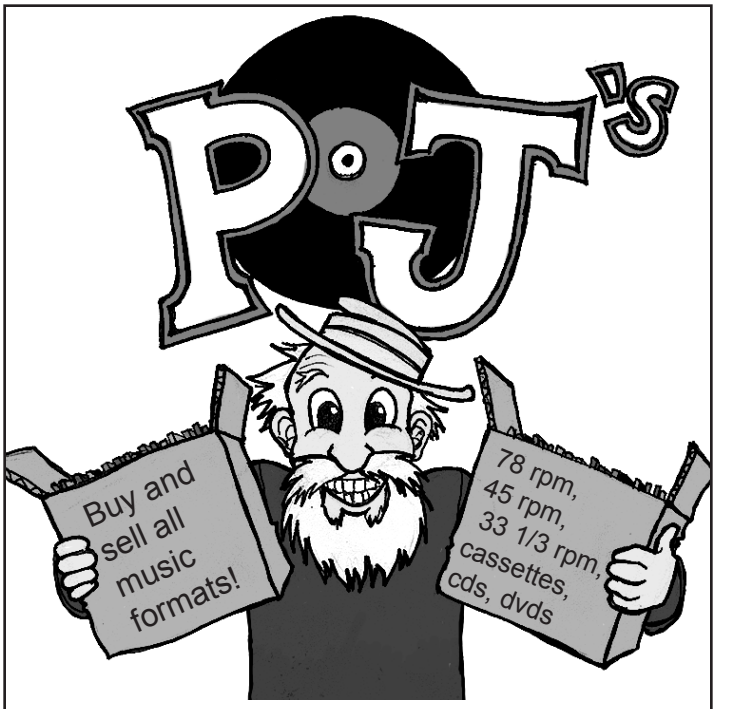
The rest of you don't know what you're missing. Seriously. Cop a feel of some girl's asparagus. Ask her to grab your banana. If nothing else, you really ought to try shaved cucumbers.

Just once?

FATHER AND SON

Wishing our beloved "humor" magazine a happy hundredth birthday. May it eternally carpet the auditorium floors while giving aspiring writers and social outcasts something to do.

Steve Jarczak
Editor, 2001-2002
Author, "Field of Dreams… WHERE YOU DIE!"



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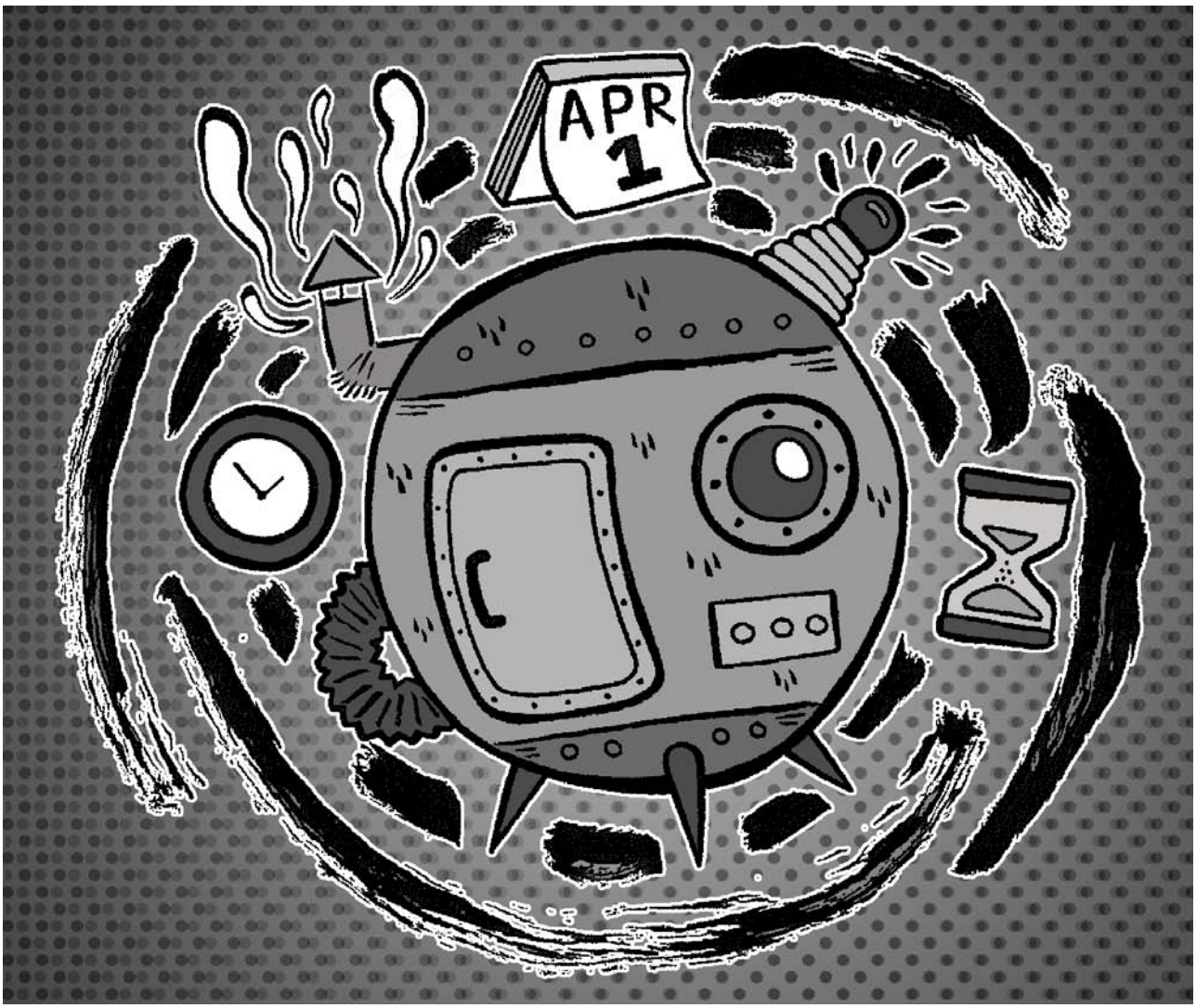
The Tale of Lee A. White's Fantastic Adventure in Time

By Adrian Choy



Lee A. White was a student who forged his own path. Only a year after founding the Gargoyle Humor Magazine, he and his crew had become the toast of the town.

One fine Michigan morning, he sat smugly in his office, reading an article about the anniversary of the Gargoyle's successful first year of publication. There on the Michigan Daily's front page, it was practically choking with the enthusiasm and volume of his own praises. He was the man who brought humor and art to a cultural wasteland! However, he soon became aware that there were two stories worthy of a front page headline.

"University researchers plan to test time machine prototype!" he read aloud. "Ha, how novel! What next, a phonograph that will fit in the palm of my hand?" But if only such a thing actually existed, thought Lee to himself. With the progress he'd made in just one year, what would happen in two years? Why not five years? Why not one hundred?

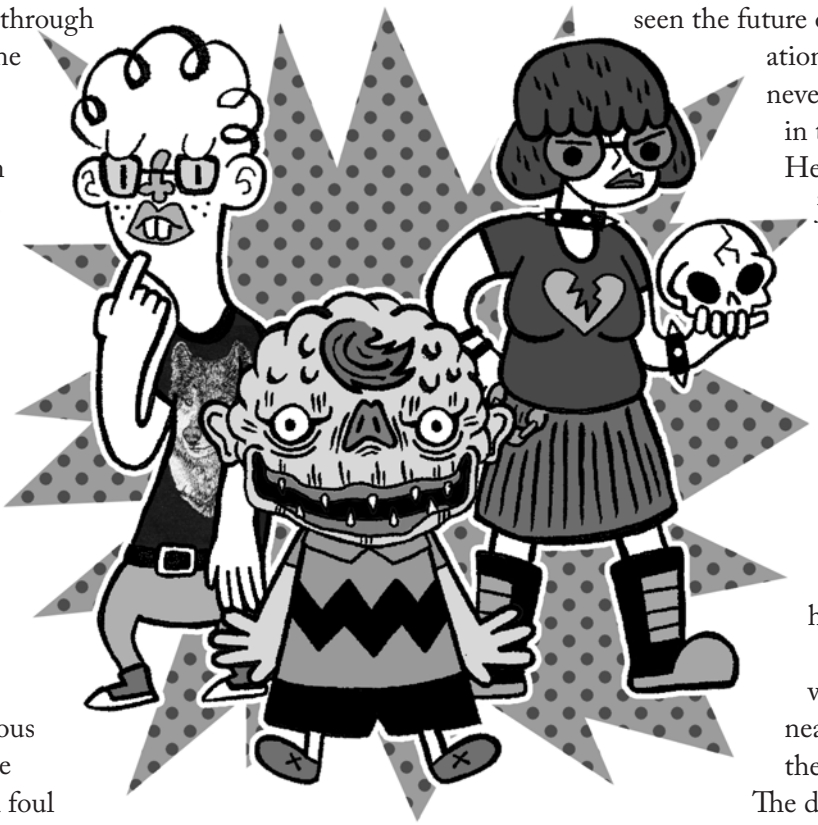
For Lee, the old adage about idle hands held particularly true. With nowhere else to be and his mischievous streak flaring up, Lee decided, as a dedicated student, that he would perform a good deed and test out this fantastic time machine.

When night fell, Lee snuck into the laboratory and climbed into the contraption. He turned dials and flipped switches.

"Two-thousand and nine, here I come."

He watched as needles danced in their gauges and lights flashed eerie glows. Slowly, as though from a distance, a dull roar began to fill the cockpit. It grew gradually into a deafening electric scream, followed by an earthshaking boom that knocked the brave year-jumping Argonaut into unconsciousness.

Sunlight peered through the window of the time machine, waking Lee up. He had no idea how long he had been unconscious, let alone where on Earth he had arrived.



He stepped out and was immediately flabbergasted. He found himself in the most chaotic room he had ever seen. Strange, unearthly music was playing in the air. Strange objects ranging from perplexing to mysterious to obscene covered the walls and furniture. A foul odor hung heavily in the atmosphere, and it was all Lee could do to avoid being sick.

He noticed a painfully colorful magazine laying on the ground, and sinful curiosity led him to leaf through it.

As if it were burning his hands on contact, he soon threw it across the room. An aura of taint radiated from the publication, and Lee felt as if its filth had penetrated his very soul.

"Is that even possible!? Can letters be combined into words and formed into such vile sentences as these!?" Peering at a calendar, he caught a glimpse of the date. It was February 2009, exactly one hundred years after the founding of the Gargoyle.

Suddenly he became aware of strange shapes peering at him from behind the furniture and through the woodwork. These shadows crawled and slithered around him, cautiously observing him. One of them spoke in a language barely resembling English.

"Welcome to the Gargoyle."

Another beast grabbed one of his legs and held up a parchment with ink spread haphazardly over it in primitive symbols.

"I MADE A COMIC. ABOUT MY FEELINGS!!"

It became horrifyingly clear that Lee had truly seen the future of his beautiful creation, and wished that he never tried to come there in the first place.

He ran for his life and jumped into the fantastic and terrible time-traveling contraption. Desperately pounding on the control panels, he set his course back to where he belonged. Light and noise filled the building, and then he was gone.

It is here that we find ourselves near the beginning of the story once again. The day after Lee's marvelous adventure, the Michigan Daily had two new headlines. The Gargoyle Humor Magazine had suddenly disbanded, and the time machine was found completely destroyed, as if someone ripped it apart desperately with their bare hands.

Meanwhile, in the future…

HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO... ME...
GARG